

LIBERTY'S LAST SQUEAK;

CONTAINING

AN ELEGIAC BALLAD,
AN ODE TO AN INFORMER,
AN ODE TO JURYMEN,

AND

CRUMBS OF COMFORT FOR THE GRAND
INFORMER.

BY PETER PINDAR, *Wm* ESQUIRE.

Now farewell to fair BUCKINGHAM-HOUSE;
To WINDSOR, and RICHMOND, and KEW;
Farewell to the tale of the LOUSE!
MOTHER RED-CAP, and MONARCHS, adieu!

DUBLIN:

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1796.



LIBERTY'S LAST SQUEAK.

AN

ELEGIAC BALLAD.

FAREWELL, O my PEN and my TONGUE!

To part with such friends I am loath;
But, PITT, in majorities strong,
Voweth horrible vengeance on both.

No more on a King or a Queen,
Apple-dumplin, and smuggling so sweet;
Like their stomachs, your wit shall be keen,
Hogs, hay, and fat bullocks, and wheat.

No more upon smugglers at Court,
Mother SCHWELLENBERG, buffes, and shawls;
Nor at levees and drawing-rooms sport,
Where MAN, the poor sycophant, *crawls*.

The meanness no more of *high folk*
In the rope of your satire shall swing;
For, behold, there is death in the joke
That squinteth at Queen or at King.

A 2

Thus

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Thus untax'd by your satire, my friends,
 Courts smile at th' intended DECREE;
 Thus the reign of poor RIDICULE ends,
 And follies, like shawls, will *go free*.

Yes, FOLLY will prattle and grin;
 With her scourges OPPRESSION will rise,
 Since Satire's a damnable sin,
 And a sin to be virtuous and wise.

But wherefore not laugh at a ——?
 And wherefore not laugh at a ——?
 A laugh is a laudable thing,
 When people are silly and mean.

When we paid Civil List without strife,
 When we paid the old QUACK for his cure,
 When we pray'd at PEG NICHOLSON'S knife,
 The K—— laugh'd at Us, to be sure.

E'en the Minions of Courts will escape;
 DUNDASS, PITT, and JENKY, and ROSE:
 Yes, SATIRE, gets into a scrape,
 If she take the four R—s by the nose.

No more must ye laugh at an ass;
 No more run on Topers a rig,
 Since PITT gets as drunk as DUNDAS,
 And DUNDAS gets as drunk as a pig.

A laugh at a DELEGATE hurts;
 Yes, 'twere dangerous to hazard your sneers;
 And mock the sweet *mercy* of Courts,
 That return'd him his forfeited ears.

Now

Now farewell to fair BUCKINGHAM-HOUSE,
To WINDSOR, and RICHMOND, and KEW;
Farewell to the tale of the LOUSE!

MOTHER RED-CAP, and MONARCHS, adieu!

Like ferrets, since all must be muzzled,

(And *muzzled* indeed we shall *be*!)

Say, PITT, (for I'm grievously puzzled)

May we venture a *horse-laugh* at THEE?

ODE TO AN INFORMER.

NOW is the time, my FRIEND—'tis now or
never—

Help, help of GOVERNMENT the *bold* endeavour!
So lately through a deep consumption rubbing,
PREROGATIVE's upon his legs again!
He wields his knotty club with might and main,
For long the LAND has needed a sound drubbing!

PREROGATIVE, ye Gods! will soon look fierce,
Hunt with his hounds the shops for prints and verse,
And find the likenesses of *men on high*—
Make of the BOOKSELLERS and BARDS a hash—
Smell *rank rebellion* in a *star* or *dash*,
And bid the sneering culprit hang or fly.

Whoever mentions *pig*, or *goose*, or *pens*,
Skim-milk, or *corn*, or *man-traps*, *cocks* and *hens*,
Or *Frogmore Fête*, or *charities*, or *bulse*,
The TURNKEY soon shall feel the culprit's pulse.

Whoever says that MAJESTY is *rich*,
Or calls DAME SCHWELLENBERG a *smuggling b—*,
Or swears HYPOCRISY has dwelt in *Courts*,
Blasphemes, speaks treason, and with edge-tools
sports.

Who says of WIMBLEDON a flighting word,
Where PITT, the PUNCH of SHOWMAN HARRY,
steals

To learn State tricks, behold the vengeful sword
O'ertaking soon the swiftest pair of heels!
Who mentions RICHMOND's *courage* or his *coals*,
Must think upon the STOCK's ignoble holes.

Whoever christens but his *Dog*, TOM PAYNE,
(And many an itching tongue can scarce refrain),
The cur and master shall be brought to shame—
Nay, *Tom*, a common Christian name for *Cats*,
Must die; and lo, the HANOVERIAN RATS
Already lose the *Hanoverian name*.

The name, TOM PAYNE, should e'en a *Parrot* cry,
Make out his *mittimus*, and let him die:
Strike me that Bullfinch on the jaw,
That dares to warble *ça ira*.
God save the King, the world must *sing* or *say*;
God save the King, the *ballad* of the day!

Our dogs shall learn of royalty to bawl;
Our cats, from roof to roof, of CÆSAR squall;
The beetles buz with royalty along—
The very owl "*God save the King!*" shall learn;
And barn, at midnight, hoot to brother barn;
And bat shrill shriek to bat th' inspiring song.

What Journeyman will dare to mention *wages*?
Who talk about the hardships of the Poor?

Off with the villains to their iron cages,
Where whip-arm'd JUSTICE guards the gloomy
door!

E'en

E'en on a *royal* horse, or sheep, or cur,
Let subjects, if they dare it, cast a slur!

All that a Palace holdeth *smells* of God:

A PAGE's call is glory to our ears;

A COOK's salute, a load of honour bears;

Nay, honour dwelleth in a SCULLION's nod.

Shoot all those grumbling rascals, the DISSENTERS,
And hang their hearts, like butchers meat, on *tent-*
ers;

Fellows that fain would be *Court-gospel makers*:

Impale the goat-fac'd, unbelieving JEWS;

And then, the knife of JUSTICE to amuse,

Cut out the tongues of all the groaning QUAKERS!

Return, return, ye glorious days agen,
When Pow'r, the Giant, muzzled tongue and pen;
Saw what the soul was thinking, through the eye,
And crush'd it for a treasonable sigh!

The voice of LIBERTY has roar'd too long!
Pull out the wide-mouth'd strumpet's lawless tongue!
Off with the wonted crown that decks her head,
And place the *proper* FOOL'S-CAP in its stead!

SECOND ODE TO AN INFORMER.

*The great POET inviteth a great INFORMER to great
wickedness!*

R—, let thy foul enjoy the hour!
See NIGHT her grisly spectres pour!

The clock proclaims her at her highest noon;
Lone SILENCE shall our work befriend;
Her shoes of cygnet down shall lend;
The cloud's black mantle muffle the pale moon.

NEWGATE to brother Tow'r shall roar aloud:
" So thick the pris'ners my dark dwelling crowd,
" I cannot put a pin between the knaves;
" And glutted too, am I, and I, and I."
The Tow'r and echoing jails around reply—
" And I, and I, each loaded Compter raves."

The fated PILLORY shall roar:
" I'm tir'd, I'm tir'd—can squeeze no more."
The GIBBET, surfeited with death, shall groan;
And, shuddering, lo, at human woes,
The TOMB its pond'rous jaw shall close,
While PITY's fruitless tear embalms the stone.

B

Oh!

Oh! would kind NIGHT extend th' *eternal* shade,
 And help in MURDER's cause our panting breath!
 For, lo! to MURDER with his reeking blade,
 The beam of Morning seems the gloom of death.

Lo, where the INNOCENTS repose,
 Our longing hands shall scatter woes,
 And FEAR shall whiten ev'ry haggard face:
 Sly to the pillow will we creep,
 Dash with rude arm the bonds of SLEEP,
 And dash a *husband* from a *wife's* embrace,

In vain shall TERROR lift the suppliant cry;
 Our hearts, two rugged rocks, the sound defy.

Behold, behold a youth with muddled brain,
 Reeling, the Lord knows where, a little drunk,
 Perhaps to slumber with a fav'rite punk:
 The RASCAL mutters FREEDOM and TOM PAYNE,

Soon, like a pair of eagles on a pig,
 On this poor midnight stroller let us fall;
 Drag him before the JUSTICE and his WIG,
 And swear to treason that he did not bawl,

This will be pleasant to our Lords on high
 Who call the *under-world* of man,
 An afsish, mulish, pack-horse clan,
Shreds of mortality, with scornful eye.

Look to the histories of ancient times,
 Their pleasant prose, and tale-recording rhimes:
 Kings were God's images—rever'd the throne:

SUBMISSION

SUBMISSION then, indeed, with eye-balls low'ring,
And suppliant hands and pray'r, and forehead cow'r-
ing,

Spoke treason, if she call'd her soul her own.

Knock down the man who out of reason rules ;
Believes that MONARCHS can be rogues and fools.
Virtues are transferable, just like stock,
With title-pas, that dignifies a block.

Title on UGLINESS confers a bloom—
Bids carrion drop its stench, and breathe perfume—
To *palaces* converts the meanest *house*,
And, with an *eagle's* pinion, mounts the *mouse*.

Saddle black DESPOT for the field, so strong,
With such a spirit as no curb can tame :
His chest, like JOB's wild horse, with thunder hung,
With mouth of bleeding foam, and eye of flame.

On DESPOT mounted, let us boldly ride,
And cover mountains with the crimson tide.

B—— and K——, men of busy merit,
Shall rouse to crush the democratic spirit,
And at the pris'ners shake their lion-manes ;
And CURTIS, now Lord-May'r, *now not so small*,
Shall fill with culprits soon th' Egyptian Hall,
From hedges, ditches, alleys, courts, and lanes.

JUSTICE shall find brisk work upon her hand ;
Pronounce *quick fate*, and thin a miscreant land ;
Thus lucky thriving, make, in blood campaigns,
A NABOB's fortune, by her *ropes* and *chains* !

 ODE TO JURYMEN.

SIRS, it may happen, by the grace of God,
 That I, GREAT PETER, one day come before ye,
 To answer to the MAN of WIG, for Ode,
 Full of sublimity, and pleasant story.

Yes, it may so fall out that lofty men,
 DUNDAS, and RICHMOND, HAWKSB'RY, PORT-
 LAND, PITT,

May wish to cut the nib of PETER's pen,
 And, cruel, draw the holders of his wit;

Nay, Dame INJUSTICE in their cause engage,
 To clap the gentle POET in a cage;
 And should a grimly JUDGE for *death* harangue,
 Don't let the POET of the PEOPLE hang.

What are my crimes? A poor *tame* CUR am I,
 Though *some* will swear I've snapp'd them by the
 heels;

A puppy's *pinch*, that's all, I don't deny;
 But Lord! how sensibly a GREAT MAN feels!

A harmless joke, at times, on Kings and Queens;
 A little joke on lofty Earls and Lords;
 Smiles at the splendid homage of Court scenes,
 The modes, the manners, sentiments, and words :
 4 A joke

A joke on Marg'ret Nichol'son's mad Knights;
A joke upon the shave of Cooks at Court,
Charms the fair MUSE, and *eke* the world delights;
A pretty piece of inoffensive sport.

Lo, in a little inoffensive smile
There lurks no lever to o'turn the STATE,
And KING, and PARLIAMENT! intention vile!
And hurl the QUBEN of NATIONS to her fate.

No gunpowder my modest garrets hold,
Dark-lanterns, blunderbuffes, masks, and matches;
Few words my simple furniture unfold;
A bed, a stool, a rusty coat in patches.

Carpets, nor chandeliers so bright, are mine;
Nor mirrors, ogling VANITY to please;
Spaniels, nor lap-dogs, with their furs so fine:
Alas! my little livestock are—my fleas!

No, Sirs! I wish not to blow up the realm;
But thus I've pray'd—" Her life may ALBION
" keep!

" Curs'd be the treach'rous fiends, who, at the
" helm,
" Would sink the VESSEL in the gaping Deep!"

" May LIBERTY sit *firm* upon her throne;
" And he who dares to shake her, vengeance
" meet;

" No matter what his grandeur—let him groan,
" And HELL's best brimstone the black miscreant
" sweat!

" No

- " No longer, like his dough, may our LORD MAY'R
 " Turn pliable, and join the busy REEVES—
 " State Jackall hunting through the midnight air,
 " Like Bow-street blood-hounds in pursuit of
 " thieves!
 " And should a JUDGE (a JEFFERIES) rush to *kill*;
 " Fierce, like the Lybian Savage from his den;
 " Their glorious pow'rs, at once, may JURIES feel,
 " And still sublimer, *feel* that they are MEN!
 " May RICHMOND'S DUKE, of valour find increase,
 " And, by *example*, fire the SOLDIER souls;
 " To invalids afford more frequent fleece,
 " And bless the veterans with meat and coals!
 " And may his GRACE's fate-improving brains,
 " With guns of *leather* much old DEATH surprise;
 " Delight the TYRANT with his dread campaigns,
 " And send his pale dominions *vast supplies*.
 " May BRUDENELL's head in sense and grace im-
 " prove!
 " In mercy's balm may B——'s heart be rich—
 " Feel for a sheep-stealer a little love;
 " Whose fur-clad paws alike for *mutton* itch!
 " May HEALTH, sweet HEALTH, attend on CIVIL
 " LIST,
 " So very apt to sink in a decline;
 " Whom DOCTOR PITT with med'cines can assist—
 " A *great* PHYSICIAN, whose prescriptions *shine*!

" May

- " May KINGS and QUEENS, whom much the Muse
 " *reveres,*
 " With *wonted* charity themselves *comport*;
" And LADY TRUTH approach the Royal ears,
 " And LADY WISDOM be receiv'd at COURT!
" No more in COURTS may weeds of Folly thrive,
 " 'Mid royal smile, their sunshine, waxing strong;
" Or roaring Laughter must be kept alive,
 " And PETER'S CLIO never want a song.
" May ev'ry King be *lov'd* by all the ARTS;
 " And *eke* may all the arts be *lov'd* by *him*;
" And when his money from the purse departs,
 " Not play at ducks and drakes on waves of
 " *whim*!
" Then for a QUEEN, so *lofty* and so *sweet*,
 " Let not ECONOMY cry " Fie upon her!"
" But may she give a pillow-case and sheet
 " To each poor slavish shiv'ring MAID of Ho-
 " NOUR!
" Perdition seize the MISER who denies
 " A pittance to the *fair* and pining poor!
" Who, millions owning, still with watchful eyes,
 " Hawks at *fresh* bags of gold, and screams for
 " *more*.
" May yon SOCIETY ne'er want a *head*,
 " Just like a paper kite that wants a *tail*;
" Now dipping, rising, wild at random led,
 " Up, down, here, there, the sport of ev'ry gale.

" May

" May CURATES *eat*, and *rear* their infant brood ;
 " Nay, put a little *fat* about their bones ;
 " Cast from their wounded jaws the curb of blood,
 " And dash their *lawn-sleev'd* RIDERS on the
 " stones !

" And may those LAWNMEN, born to happier fate,
 " Chace not the CURATE from their grand abode ;
 " But gravely *think* of Heav'n, as well as *prate*,
 " And give a *leg of mutton* to their GOD !"

How base to preach of GOD's *exhaustless* store ;
 Of treasures that to mortals will be giv'n ;
 Yet sooner trust (as though they thought it *poor*)
 The Bank of ENGLAND than the Bank of HEAV'N !

How vile to preach of Heav'n's *large int'rest*, too,
 Seeming to place dependance on its word ;
 Yet on *sky-credit* look so very blue,
 As though 'twere *dang'rous* lending to the LORD !

Such is my song and fervent pray'r ; and now
 To PITT, DUNDAS, and JENKINSON, I bow,
 That spotless TRINITY of courtly POW'R !
 A *democratic raven*, turn'd court *throftle* !
 A *persecuting* PAUL, a *meek* APOSTLE !
 The *foulest* weed, the valley's *fairest* flow'r !

CRUMBS OF COMFORT

FOR THE

GRAND INFORMER.

LORD! R——! why, what a most *unlucky* CHAP!
 What! *Thou* a *pris'ner* in our hard State-trap,
 The *roaring Lion* of Administration!
 Then SHERIDAN has *nabb'd* the *Beast* at last;
 Lock'd, in the iron gin of JUSTICE, fast:
 Fun for men, women, children of the nation!

R——, verily 'twas too bare-fac'd to say
 SAINT STEPHEN'S *Members* might be *shorn* away,
 And injure not the *Body*—what a dream!
 Nay, that our *Lords* may feel alike the *blade*—
 Those *precious limbs*, so shelt'ring with cool shade,
 From DESPOTISM'S *intolerable* beam;

Lopp'd off, without an injury to TRUNK!
 Say, great INFORMER, wert thou *mad*, or *drunk*?

I ne'er said *such rude things* in all my life!
 A joke upon a GREAT MAN and his WIFE
 Forms all *my sin*, though *Courtiers* foam around:
 C I, with

I, with my pretty *brazen* PIN and *small*,
 Just *scratch'd* the pretty flow'ry *capital* ;
 But *Thou* wouldst drag the COLUMN to the ground !

PITT wishes to put forth his hand *to save* ;
 And *Giant* WYNDHAM, too, his *humble Slave*,
 Sees thee with grief the *tenant* of the gin :
 But LONDON views thee with a scornful smile—
 Hears with much glee thy howl, and marks thy
 toil,
 And looks with *triumph* on thy suffering skin.

“ Is this the BAT,” cries LONDON, “ to devour
 “ The simple FLIES, at midnight's silent hour,
 “ Wheeling, with hunger keen, from street to
 “ street ?

“ Is this the mousing OWL, that darkling stole
 “ In quest of harmless victims from his hole ;
 “ The *Bird obscene*, whom now our mock'ries
 “ meet ?

“ The *Imp*, whose heart delights in NATURE's *sighs*,
 “ The *Eves-dropper*, with damned prying eyes,
 “ Who hunts th' unwary for the fangs of State !
 “ Is this the JUSTICE, of *most foul report*,
 “ Who, proud to please the Minions of a C——,
 “ Unfated, (a staunch blood-hound) pants for
 “ fate ?”

“ Is this the *Demon*, the sworn foe of light,
 “ Curs'd by the beauteous WANDERERS of the
 “ night ;
 “ Whose *soul*, in MIS'RY's *moan*, a *music* hears,
 “ And, toad-like, feeds its poison on her tears ?

" Is this th' INFORMER, that, with bellowing breath,

" To whips and jails, each son of FREEDOM

" dooms ;

" Whose life, (misnomer'd *life*) is *death*, rank *death* ;

" *Putridity*—the noisome *stench* of *Tombs* ?"

Such is the cry of LONDON, luckless R——,

In language coarse!—not good enough for *Thieves* !

Yet, Man, despair not—COURTS can set thee *free*—

And COURTS are known to *pity* R----- like *thee*,

THE END.

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